

Halo Fanfiction

by Rokurokubi918

Category: Halo

Genre: Adventure

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2005-03-17 03:14:17

Updated: 2005-03-17 03:14:17

Packaged: 2016-04-27 00:54:52

Rating: T

Chapters: 1

Words: 573

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Just a short piece I did on the sequence during Halo 2 when the Master Chief left Earth to the 2nd Halo ring. A civilian's point of view to the Covenant invasion of Earth.

Halo Fanfiction

0955 hours, September 15, 2552 (military calendar)/

> New Bombasa, Africa, Earth<p>

Mitch ran as fast as his nearly petrified body would allow. He had barely been able to move when he had seen the first dropship land, now he cursed his legs as they wobbled under him. The 18 year old boy fell to the ground, took a deep air of breath of air and coughed violently. The air stunk of burnt flesh. Mitch's quivering hand reached into his pocket and pulled out a small white cylindrical inhaler. He took a deep breath through it and tried to clam himself down yet all he could think of was his house, his family and returning home to see the lanky Jackals tearing them apart. No! He had to keep running. Mitch stood up and would have collapsed again were it not for the drone of ghosts in the distance, slowly getting louder. He ran down the street and around the corner only to bump into a trio of grunts. Mitch's voice betrayed him as he let out a yell yet bolted before they would bring their weapons to bear.

> Have to keep running, keep running.

> Was all Mitch could think as he wheezed and coughed, tripping over a large piece of broken concrete as he went. His forearms were cut and bleeding but he ran on. Mitch ran and ran until suddenly he heard the chatter of SMG's in the distance.
 "Oh thank god."

> Mitch gasped, seeing half a dozen marines round the corner and run his way.
 "He-help me! Please!"

> He yelled, waving to the soldiers.
 "Please, he-"

> Mitch's calls were suddenly cut off by the scream of one of the marines, having been stuck with one of three glowing blue grenades.
 "Ambush!"

> Another yelled, and then suddenly the grenades exploded, leaving only some charred bodies and a spray of blood left. Mitch sank to the

ground and felt like crying until he saw the small covenant squadron approaching and heard the drone of ghosts getting closer.
 "Fuck this."

> He swore with teary eyes, barely able to get up and run back around the corner. But where to? Where could he go that was safe? Mitch's deliberation was cut short when a long purple crystal-like shard implanted in his leg and exploded, causing him to fall roughly to the ground. His rasping breath was quieted by the ghosts finally finding him. This was the looked like the end. One Elite garbled something to the other as it got out. Mitch looked up into the face of a blue armoured Elite, it looked like it was smiling.
 "God damn it."

> He coughed, blood spurting out of his mouth. The elite planted it's foot on his chest, almost crushing his sternum, and began to charge his plasma pistol. Mitch's eyes were glued on the glowing green light until he noticed two ships in the sky. They almost looked like they were going to jump into slipspace inside the city... Mitch's eyes widened as he realized that they were. He felt the pressure leave his chest as the Covenant looked up into the sky as well and took a step back in surprise. The flagship of the Prophet followed by a small UNSC ship were both entering slipspace inside the city. The flash of light that ensued from this was the last thing Mitch ever saw.<p>

End
file.